

Dark Obsession 45

Chapter 45. Another Side EVANGELINE.

The pain and pleasure combined make me feel as if I'm in a haze of ecstasy. He's huge and I feel so full. This feeling is unexplainable and every time he drives into me, he hits something inside of me that makes me cry out in blissful pleasure. It feels incredible.

I bite my lip, my back arched as I crave every part of him to touch me. I look at him, but he's not looked at me in a while... is he disgusted? Is he regretting it? He has his face turned away, pressed against my shoulder, but not once does he look at me. I try to push my insecurity away, hugging him tightly. I don't know what we are, or where we are emotionally, but the one thing I do know is, for now, we are married, and we are consummating our marriage for this tournament.

Suddenly I feel his aura surge around him, his entire body tenses and I bite my lip when he speeds up, the burning pain is stronger as he f*cks me, he's struggling, and I try to turn my head to the pillow just in case, but his hand is under it.

I know that even if he does lose control, I'm at his mercy. There is no way I'll be able to get that syringe. His body jerks and he growls, suddenly throwing the syringe across the room making me flinch. My heart thunders as he looks at his hand for a moment, his aura is a storm around him and his eyes are glowing red as he slowly looks down at me.

"Zedkiel..." I whisper. He reaches for my jaw, and I try not to show my fear. He isn't in control of his sensesit's the same look that I saw in the bathtub that time he drank my blood.

His eyes narrow and he runs his fingers through my hair, but it's rougher than how Zedkiel had done it. A deep frown crosses his face before he leans down and plunges his tongue into my mouth. My own heart is thumping as I stay frozen on the bed with him still buried inside of me. I don't move, letting him ravish my mouth hungrily. His hands roam my body roughly, painfully even, at times. It's a huge change... A low groan escapes him, and he begins moving again, harder and faster, and I feel myself nearing my release. Despite the confusion about the shift in his persona, I'm unable to focus on it. All I want is to reach that height of euphoria....

I can tell from his movements he's close, too. He can't knot me... I don't have a wolf, nor am I marked. I mean, I can't carry a pup.... I-I don't want to, he'd never let me leave. Fear and panic begin settling into me and I try to push him back, but he doesn't move.

He growls warningly at me, yanking my head back as he tilts my head up to look at him.

"We meet again... little dark mate..."

Mate?

My head is pounding at those words as confusion drowns me. I'm not sure what is louder, my beating heart or the pounding in my head.

"I tried to keep you away... I did everything." He growls murderously in between his violent thrusts, "It will... happen again. He will kill you."

His words sound strange, as if talking isn't easy for him, but I can't question him, as I can barely breathe as he pounds me harder and faster. I whimper, feeling the pressure building inside of me.

"Zed..." I moan as my orgasm tears through me, and he lets out a growl, his tongue flicking out and running along my neck hungrily. "Zed... you can't knot me..."

No reply, he simply continues to lick and suck on my neck. I can feel his suffocating aura weighing down on me.

His groans sound sexy, despite the odd change in his mood. I cry out as my orgasm tears through me, and I hear him curse as his own release hits him. To my utmost relief, he pulls out and empties his seed over my stomach, before he rests his weight on me.

"I won't lose you..." He whispers in my ear. "She will be back."

"Who?"

"Don't tell Zedkiel we talked... He will kill you."

"Who are you then, if not Zedkiel?" I ask, but again, he ignores me.

"Keep this a secret... you have made mistakes... now we suffer... again..."

Those were his last words before those blazing red eyes shut and his body falls on top of mine. I gasp, as I lay there under the dead weight of his body. My beating heart pounding and my lower region throbbing. I attempt steadying breaths as I try to make sense of his odd words.

Could that have been his Lycan? I know our wolf counterparts can't talk but Lycans can, the pure-blood royals all have Lycans who can speak, but it is rare for them to speak out loud... wasn't it just them who are able to converse with their human counterparts in their minds? Legend says only the most powerful Lycans could converse as humans...

I slowly push Zedkiel's body off me, and look down. There's blood and semen covering me, but I have no energy to clean up. I feel as if I've been running for days. I lay there for a bit, wondering why Zedkiel was unconscious. Isn't it the woman who usually faints from exhaustion after sex?

I can't help but smile at the thought of Zedkiel being so exhausted after one round. Maybe I should tease him about that tomorrow... I chuckle, clamping my hands over my mouth to stifle the sound. But my giggle soon fades when the words that his Lycan-I think it is his Lycan anyway had spoken.

She will be back.

Who is 'She'?

Then he said Zedkiel would kill me.

I don't see that happening. Why did he speak as if he and Zedkiel were not on the same wavelength?

Feeling exhausted, and just wanting to sleep, I still force myself up off the bed, stumbling as I carry myself to the bathroom, my mind in overdrive.

Little dark mate...

What did he mean by that?

Mate...

I had felt something during sex. The moment he entered me, there felt like a current of electricity shooting through me...

I switch the light on, the fluorescent blue making me squint for a moment. It's a stark contrast to the dim light in the bedroom... Walking over to the sink I look at the empty bottle that sits there.

Blood...

I gaze in the mirror, examining myself. There are several h*ckkeys around my neck, breasts and right shoulder, there are also several reddish marks where he had held me tightly. We had done it... We consummated our marriage; we are set for the tournament, but now I had something else to deal with, the secret that Zedkiel's Lycan wanted me to keep from him.

Why?

There is so much that I can probably ask the Oracle... but can I ask her in front of Zedkiel? For a few short moments, a part of me had thought he was someone I could trust and now his very own Lycan was telling me to be careful of him.

Sighing. I run the bath, before I wipe most of the white milky substance and the blood off me and manage to pull myself into the tub. I lay there, too tired to move as my mind mulls over everything.

So many riddles...

I faintly remember turning the tap off before I drift off to sleep...

"Evangeline!"

My eyes fly open as the bathroom door is slammed open, and it takes me a few seconds to realise I'm in the bathtub, which is now ice cold. Zedkiel is standing there, naked, as he looks me over before he crouches by the bath, gripping my arms as he pulls me from the water.

I yelp as he holds me two feet off the ground looking me over as if checking if I'm ok.

"W-what are you doing?" I ask, feeling my cheeks burn, my soaking hair sticking to my face.

He frowns and exhales deeply before he pulls me against his chest and slips one arm under my thighs, turning and carrying me back to the bedroom. There's a deep frown on his face as he places me on the bed before he goes to the wardrobe and takes out a towel.

I shiver thanks to the cold as he comes back and towels my hair. I stare at him watching him as he brushes the towel over my arms and breasts drying me swiftly.

"Why were you in a cold bath?" He asks coldly, pulling the duvet up and around me.

I clutch it, wrapping it around me, trying not to look down since he's completely naked.

"I fell asleep... I didn't realise it turned cold." I say, watching him with concern. "But what happened to you?"

He looks at his hand and clenches his fist. "I tried to inject myself when I felt my control slipping..." He says quietly.

A silence falls between us, and I can hear the distant sound of the occasional car passing outside and the light patter of rain on the window.

"Is that why you collapsed?" I ask.

He looks up sharply and frowns. "Did I collapse? Your scent has changed... meaning I came..."

I blush and nod. "Yeah... but right after that, you fainted." I mumble, feeling embarrassed at his bluntness. "Was one round too much for you?" I blurt, trying to divert the topic. I want to giggle at the expression on

his face.

His eyes narrow, and he glares at me.

"Not at all... you're the one who looks like she was beaten black and blue." He growls.

"I didn't faint though." I mumble meekly, hiding my smile under the blankets, only my eyes visible as I peek

at him.

"I assure you I'm far more capable." He growls.

"How would you know? Don't you always blackout?" I ask innocently.

He clenches his jaw, and I look away, smiling smugly.

Hehe, see? I made a valid point.

"So how long was I awake before I fainted." He asks through gritted teeth.

A part of me tells me to tell him the truth, but I don't know... what if he lost control and his Lycan lost his temper at me for telling him?

"Just after... you know..."

He nods slowly. "At least you're not dead; just a shame I don't remember it..." He says more to himself, dropping onto his back onto the bed, his arms behind his head..

My eyes fly open as I find my attention going to the monster between his legs. My cheeks flush as I yelp. "Cover yourself!" I scold, shoving the blanket over him.

His eyebrow shoots up and my heart thumps as he slowly sits up.

Is he mad I shouted...

"S-sorry I just-" He places a finger on my lip and smirks coldly.

"Don't apologise for showing a little spine. I like it. The only time I want you submissive is in the bedroom."

I find myself nodding, my cheeks burning hot. "Th-then can you cover yourself?" I ask bravely.

"No."

My eyes widen as I stare at him as he instead gets up and gets into the bed, yanking me down next to him. "But you just said you liked me speaking--"

"I do, doesn't mean I'll listen. Now sleep before I f*ck you again." He commands. I blink at his reply and slowly nod.

I had to obey him... but at the same time... there is something pleasant about being in his arms.

At least the duvet is between us.

I think I spoke too soon as he yanks it off and slips it over us both. I freeze as I remain there and I can't look him in the eyes, remaining stiff in his hold, but it's only for a few moments because he suddenly lets go and turns his back on me.

I look at his broad chiselled back, wondering if I upset him. I'm about to reach over to touch him, but I pause. Maybe it's better I just sleep too... It's been a long day...

Turning my back to him, I snuggle down under the duvet, hoping that tomorrow the throbbing between my legs eases up...

"Evangeline... You're here."

I look around. I'm in a snowy forest, the ground is covered in snow as are the bare trees and there seems to be a blizzard coming. I frown, trying to look for the owner of the voice. It's the same one I've heard before...

I look around as the snow begins to fall faster.

"Ah, it's been so long, right?" The sing-song voice comes.

"Where are you?" I ask turning and scanning the darkness behind me, trying not to shiver due to the cold.

There's no one there...

I frown, turning back and gasp as I see myself standing there, or someone identical to me just a few mere inches in front of me, and I stumble back. My-her smile widens, and she tilts her head.

"Miss me?" She asks in that same tone.

My heart thumps as she steps closer, and I step back.

"Who are you?" I ask.

"You. And I'm almost free." She chuckles, but it's the sinister look in her eyes that makes my heart pound violently, fear clawing at me as our eyes remain locked, unblinking. Every fibre of my body is screaming at me, telling me to run...